In Recital

# Shannon Markovich, mezzo-soprano

assisted by
**Roger Admiral, piano**

**Sunday, April 16 at 8:00pm, Con Hall**

**Arts Building**
**University of Alberta**

**Department of Music**
**University of Alberta**

## Program

Un Certo Non So Che — Antonio Vivaldi (1680-1743)
Transcribed by Pietro Floridia

O Del Mio Dolce Ardor (*Paride ed Elena*) (1770) — Christoph Willibald von Gluck (1714-1787)

Ah, Guarda Sorella (*Così Fan Tutte*) (1790) — Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

**Gillian Brinston, soprano**

Zigeunerlieder, Op. 103 (1887) — Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

I) He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten ein!
II) Hochgetürmte Rimaflut
III) Wisst ihr, wann mein Kindchen
IV) Lieber Gott, du weisst
V) Brauner Bursche
VI) Röslein dreie in der Reihe
VII) Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn
VIII) Rote Abendwolken

**Intermission**

Canticle III, Op. 55, *Still Falls The Rain* (1954) — Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)
Words by Edith Sitwell

with guests
**Annette Feist, piano**
**Marino Coco, horn**

Folksong Arrangements — Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

I) Early One Morning
II) At The Mid Hour Of Night
III) The Ash Grove
IV) Bird Scarer's Song
V) The Last Rose Of Summer

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Markovich.

Reception to follow in the Arts Lounge.

**Translation**

**Un Certo Non So Che/Some one, I know not**
Some one, I know not who, reaches me and passes through my heart, and yet I feel no pain. Could this be love? In it's voracious ardor my foot has already been recklessly placed.

**O Del Mio Dolce Ardor/Oh, my beloved**
Oh, my beloved, whom my heart desires, the air which you breathe, inspires my soul. Wherever my eye may wander, your lovely features are painted on my heart and awaken love within me. My thoughts imagine lover's hopes; And in this longing that causes my bosom to burn, I seek you, I call you, I hope and I sigh.

**Ah, Guarda Sorella/See here sister**
Fiordiligi: See here Dorabella, Guglielmo, my lover!
Tell me, sister, where could you discover so great a nobility as shown in his face?
Dorabella: This one of Ferrando, I love it!
What light in his glances!
It sparkles, and dances, and lends him such grace!
Fiordiligi: The face of a hero, audacious, yet disarming!
Dorabella: His face is expressive, so gracious, so kindly and charming,
Yet he is manly and possessive!
Together: I'm ever so happy, contented and happy!
If this love of mine ever fails in affection, or turns in another direction,
My darling, may Fate take revenge on my heart.
Fiordiligi: If ever my feelings should waver or alter, if ever a discord should tear us apart,
My darling, may Fate take revenge on my heart.
Dorabella: If ever my candor should weaken or falter, if ever my fervor should fail or depart,
My darling, may Fate take revenge on my heart.

**Zigeunerlieder**

**He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten ein!/Ho there, Gypsy, strike the string,**
Ho there, Gypsy, strike the string,
play the song of the faithless maiden!
Let the strings weep, lament in sad anxiety,
till the warm tears flow down these cheeks.

**Hochgetürmte Rimaflut/High towering Rima waves**
High towering Rima waves, how turbid you are!
By these banks I lament loudly for you, my sweet!
Waves are fleeing, waves are streaming,
rushing to the shore, to me;
Let me by the Rima banks forever weep for her!

**Wisst ihr, wann mein Kindchen/Do you know when my little one is her loveliest**
Do you know when my little one is her loveliest?
When her sweet mouth teases and laughs and kisses me.
Little Maiden, you are mine, fervently I kiss you.
The good Lord created you just for me!

Do you know when I like my lover best of all?
When he holds me closely enfolded in his arms.
Sweetheart, you are mine, fervently I kiss you.
The good Lord created you just for me alone!

**Lieber Gott, du weisst/Dear God, you know**
Dear God, you know how often I regretted the kiss,
I gave but once to my beloved.
My heart commanded me to kiss him.
I shall think forever of the first kiss.

Dear God, you know how often at dead of night,
In joy and in sorrow I thought of my dearest one.
Love is sweet, though bitter be remorse.
My poor heart will remain ever, ever true!

**Brauner Bursche/The bronzed young fellow**
The bronzed young fellow leads to the dance his lovely blue-eyed maiden,
Boldly clanking his spurs togther, a Czardas melody begins.
He caresses and kisses his sweet dove,
Whirls her, leads her, shouts and springs about;
Throws three shiny silver coins on the cymbal to make it ring!

**Röslein dreie in der Reihe/Roses three in a row bloom so red**
Roses three in a row bloom so red,
There's no law against the lad's visiting his girl!
Oh, good Lord, if that too were forbidden,
This beautiful wide world would have perished long ago.
To remain single would be a sin!

The loveliest city in Alfold is Ketschkemet;
There abide so many maidens sweet and nice.
Friends, go there to choose a little bride;
Ask for her in marriage and then establish your home;
Then empty cups of joy!

**Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn/Do you sometimes recall, my sweet love**
Do you sometimes recall, my sweet love,
When you once vowed to me with solemn oath?
Deceive me not, leave me not,
You don't know not how dear you are to me!
Do love me as I love you.
Then God's grace will descend upon you!

**Rote Abendwolken/Red clouds of evening**
Red clouds of evening move across the firmament.
Longing for you, my sweet, my heart is afire.
The heavens shine in glowing splendor,
And I dream night and day only of the sweet love of mine.

**Still Falls The Rain** (The Raids, 1940. Night and Dawn)
Still falls the Rain–
Dark as the world of man, black as our loss–
Blind as the nineteen hundred and forty nails
Upon the Cross.

Still falls the Rain
With a sound like the pulse of the heart that is changed to the
hammer-beat
In the Potter's Field, and the sound of the impious feet

On the Tomb:
Still falls the Rain
In the Field of Blood where the small hopes breed and
the human brain
Nurtures its greed, that worm with the brow of Cain.

Still falls the Rain
At the feet of the Starved Man hung upon the Cross.
Christ that each day, each night, nails there, have mercy
on us–
On Dives and on Lazarus:
Under the Rain the sore and the gold are as one.

Still falls the Rain–
Still falls the Blood from the Starved Man's wounded Side:
He bears in His Heart all wounds– those of the light
that died,
The last faint spark

In the self-murdered heart, the wounds of the sad un-
comprehending dark,
The wounds of the baited bear–
The blind and weeping bear whom the keepers beat
On his helpless flesh . . . the tears of the hunted hare.

Still falls the Rain–
Then– O Ile leape up to my God: who pulles me
doune –?--
See, see where Christ's blood streames in the firmament:
It flows from the Brow we nailed upon the tree
Deep to the dying, to the thirsting heart
That holds the fires of the world – dark-smirched with
pain
As Caesar's laurel crown.

Then sounds the voice of One who like the heart of man
Was once a child who among beasts has lain–
'Still do I love, still shed my innocent light, my Blood,
for thee.'

–Edith Sitwell